THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 5, 1802.

Anecdote reſpecting the Intimacy of King George the Firſt with the Family of Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

THE following anecdote, which I extract from one of the printed letters of Lady Luxborough, ſiſter of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, to William Shenſtone, Eſq. may probably be not unacceptable to you, and your readers, for theſe two reaſons.

It is generally known, that about the time of the death of King George the Firſt, a rumour prevailed here in England, that if he had lived to return from Germany, he would have diſmiſſed Sir Robert Walpole, and would have made Lord Bolingbroke his firſt miniſter. Even the late Lord Orford, in his "Reminiſcences," though he wiſhed to diſcredit that rumour, could not deny but it might have ſome foundation in truth. But we were ſtill without ſuch a knowledge of circumſtances as might countenance it with any very plauſible ſhow of probability. Yet an anecdote evincing a familiar intimacy to have ſubſiſted between that monarch and the St. John family, is preciſely one of thoſe which we ſhould deſire to know, to illuſtrate the credibility of the tale.

My other reaſon for expecting this anecdote to intereſt others, as it has intereſted me, is, that it furniſhes a fine example of a general fact, in the hiſtory of the appetites and paſſions of human nature. The general fact I mean is, that total abſtinence from any particular enjoyment is often eaſier than moderation in the actual uſe of it. Of the late Dr. Johnſon, we are informed by the writer of his "Memorabilia" that he could, and often did, piouſly abſtain from wine and good eating; but

was leſs able, when he indulged at all, to indulge in either the one, or the other, with ſober, patient moderation. And it ſhould ſeem by what follows, that between Johnſon and King George the Firſt, there was at leaſt one point of reſemblance.

"The late King George," wrote Lady Luxborough to Mr. Shenſtone, in the year 1748, "was fond of peaches ſtewed in brandy in a particular manner, which he had taſted at my father's. And ever after, till his death, my mamma furniſhed him with a ſufficient quantity to laſt the year round, he eating *two* every night. This little preſent he took kindly. But one ſeaſon proved fatal to fruit-trees; and ſhe could preſent his majeſty with but half the uſual quantity, deſiring him to uſe economy, for they would barely ſerve him the year at *one* each night. Being thus forced by neceſſity to retrench, he ſaid, he would then eat *two* every other night; and valued himſelf upon having mortified himſelf leſs than if he had yielded to their regulation of *one* each night; which, I ſuppoſe, may be called a compromiſe between economy and epicuriſm; but I leave it to your deciſion."

Of the truth of this curious anecdote we cannot doubt. While Walpole, as his ſon has informed us, plied the king with punch, the St. John's pampered him with brandy-peaches.

Your's, &c. G. W. J——

LITTLE DOMINICK;

Or, The Welch Schoolmaster, and Irish Pupil.

[From the Eſſay on Iriſh Bulls; by Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and Maria Edgeworth.]

LITTLE Dominick was born at Fort-Reilley, in Ireland, and bred no where till his tenth year: when he was ſent to Wales, to learn manners, and grammar, at the ſchool of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reaſon to think himſelf the greateſt of men: for he had, over his chimney-piece, a well-ſmoked genealogy, duly atteſted, tracing his anceſtry in a direct line up to Noah; and, moreover, he was nearly related to the learned etymologiſt who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio volume, to prove that the language of Adam and Eve, in Paradiſe, was pure Welſh. With ſuch cauſes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excuſable for ſometimes ſeeming to forget that a ſchoolmaſter is but a man. He, however, ſometimes entirely forgot, that a boy is but a boy; and this happened moſt frequently with reſpect to Little Dominick.

This

This unlucky wight was flogged, every morning, by his maſter; not for his vices, but for his vicious conſtructions; and laughed at, by his companions, every evening, for his idiomatic abſurdities. They would, probably, have been inclined to ſympathiſe in his misfortunes, but that he was the only Iriſh boy at ſchool; and, as he was at a diſtance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a juſt object of obloquy and deriſion. Every ſentence he ſpoke, was a bull; every two words he put together proved a falſe concord; and every ſound he articulated betrayed the brogue. But, as he poſſeſſed ſome of the characteriſtic boldneſs of thoſe who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only Little Dominick, he ſhewed himſelf able and willing to fight his own battles with the hoſt of foes by whom he was encompaſſed. Some of theſe, it was ſaid, were of nearly twice his ſtature. This may be exaggerated; but it is certain that our hero ſometimes ventured, with ſly Iriſh humour, to revenge himſelf on his moſt powerful tyrant, by mimicking the Welſh accent, in which Mr. Owen ap Jones ſaid to him—" Cot pleſs me, you plockit, and ſhall I never *learn* you Encliſh crammer?

It was whiſpered in the ear of this Dionyſius, that our little hero was a mimic; and he was now treated with increaſed ſeverity.

The Midſummer holidays approached; but he feared that they would ſhine no holidays for him. He had written to his mother, to tell her that ſchool would break up the 21ſt; and to beg an anſwer, without fail, by return of poſt: but no anſwer came.

It was now nearly two months ſince he had heard from his dear mother, or any of his friends in Ireland. His ſpirits began to ſink under the preſſure of theſe accumulated misfortunes: he ſlept little; eat leſs; and played not at all. Indeed, nobody would play with him on equal terms, becauſe he was nobody's equal: his ſchoolfellows continued to conſider him as a being, if not of a different ſpecies, at leaſt of a different *caſt* from themſelves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones's triumph over the little Iriſh plockit was nearly compleat, for the boy's heart was almoſt broken, when there came to the ſchool a new ſcholar—O, how unlike the others!—His name was Edwards: he was the ſon of a neighbouring Welſh gentleman; and he had himſelf the ſpirit of a gentleman. When he ſaw how poor Dominick was perſecuted, he took him under his protection; fought his battles with the Welſh boys; and, inſtead of laughing at him for ſpeaking Iriſh, he endeavoured to teach him to ſpeak Engliſh. In his anſwers to the firſt queſtions Edwards ever aſked him, Little Dominick made two blunders, which ſet all his other companions in a roar; yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In anſwer to the queſtion—" Who is your father?" Dominick ſaid, with a deep ſigh—" I have no father—I am an orphan*—I have only a mother."

" Have you any brothers and ſiſters?"

No! I wiſh I had; for, perhaps, they would love me, and not laugh at me," ſaid Dominick with tears in his eyes; " but I have no brothers, *but myſelf.*"

One day, Mr. Owen ap Jones came into the ſchool-room with an open letter in his hand, ſaying—" Here you little Iriſh plockit; here's a letter from your mother."

The little Iriſh blockhead ſtarted from his form; and, throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the ſchool had ever been ſeen to leap before: then, clapping his hands, he exclaimed—" A letter from my mother!—And *will* I hear the letter?—And *will* I ſee her once more?—And *will* I go home theſe holidays?—O, then I will be too happy!"

" There's no tanger of that," ſaid Mr. Owen ap Jones; for your mother like a wiſe ooman, writes me here, that, py the atvice of your cardian, to oom ſhe is coing to be married, ſhe will not pring you home to Ireland till I ſend her word you are perfect in your Encliſh crammar at leaſt."

" I have my leſſon perfect, Sir," ſaid Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor; " *will* I ſay it now?"

" No, you plockit, you *will* not; and I will write your mother word, you have proke Priſcian's head four times this tay, ſince her letter came."

Little Dominick, for the firſt time, was ſeen to burſt into tears—*Will* I hear the letter?—*Will* I ſee my mother?—*Will* I go home?

" You Iriſh plockit!" continued the relentleſs grammarian: you Iriſh plockit will you never learn the tifference between *ſhall* and *will*?"

The Welſh boys all grinned; except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard—

" And *will* I ſee him once again?
" And *will* I hear him ſpeak?"

Many of the boys were, unfortunately, too ignorant to feel the force of the quotation; but Mr. Owen ap Jones underſtood it, turned on his heel, and walked off.

Soon afterward, he ſummoned Dominick to his awful deſk; and, pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris's Hermes, bade him " reat it, and underſtand it," if he could.

Little Dominick read, but could not underſtand.

" Then reat it loud, you plockit." Dominick read aloud—

" There

* Iliad, 6th Book, l. 432, Andromache ſays to Hector, " You will make your ſon an orphan, and your wife a widow."

" There is *nothing appears ſo clearly* an object of the mind, or intellect, only, as *the future* does: ſince we can find no place for its exiſtence, any where elſe: not but the ſame, if we conſider, *is equally true* of the paſt——"

" Well, co on—What ſtops the plockit? Can't you reat Encliſh now?

" Yes, Sir; but I was trying to underſtand it—I was conſidering, that this is like what they would call an Iriſh bull, if I had ſaid it.

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant in Engliſh that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* underſtand; and, to puniſh him for his impertinent obſervation, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *ſhall* and *will*.—The reader, if he be deſirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may conſult Lowth's Grammar, p. 52, ed. 1799; and Harris's Hermes, p. 10, 11, and 12, fourth edition.

Undiſmayed at the length of his taſk, Little Dominick only ſaid—" I hope, if I ſay it all, without miſſing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar ſtudies, Sir."

" Say it all firſt, without miſſing a word, and then I ſhall ſee what I ſhall ſay!" replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular anſwer, excited the boy's fond hopes ſo keenly, that he lent his little ſoul to the taſk; learned it perfectly: ſaid it, at night, without miſſing one word, to his friend Edwards; and ſaid it, the next morning, without miſſing one word, to his maſter.

" And now, Sir," ſaid the boy, looking up, " will you write to my mother? And ſhall I ſee her? And ſhall I go home?

" Tell me, firſt, whether you underſtand all this that you have learnt ſo cliply?" ſaid Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell; and he acknowledged that he did not underſtand it perfectly.

" Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammer ſtudies to your mother; my conſcience coes againſt it!" ſaid the conſcientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No intreaties could move him. Dominick never ſaw the letter that was written to his mother; but he felt the conſequence. She wrote word, this time, punctually *by return of the poſt*, that ſhe was ſorry ſhe could not ſend for him home theſe holidays, as ſhe had heard ſo bad an account from Mr. Owen ap Jones, &c. and, as ſhe thought it her duty not to interrupt the courſe of his education; eſpecially his grammar ſtudies.

Little Dominick heaved many a ſigh when he ſaw the packings up of all his ſchoolfellows; and dropped a few tears, as he looked out of the window, and ſaw them one after another, get on their Welſh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

" I have

" I have no home to go to!" ſaid he.

" Yes, you have," cried Edwards; and *our* horſes are at the door, to carry us there."

" To Ireland? Me! the horſes!" ſaid the poor boy, quite bewildered.

" No; the horſes cannot carry you to Ireland," ſaid Edwards, laughing goodnaturedly; " but you have a home, now, in England. I aſked my father to let me bring you home with me; and he ſays—" Yes," like a dear, good father, and has ſent the horſes—Come, let's away."

" But will Mr. Owen ap Jones let me go?"

" Yes! he dare not refuſe: for my father has a living in his gift, that Owen ap Jones wants, and which he will not have if he does not change his tune to you."

Little Dominick could not ſpeak one word, his heart was ſo full.

No boy could be happier than he was, during theſe holidays: " the genial current of his ſoul," which had been frozen by unkindneſs, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reaſons might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones, from this time forward was obſerved to change his manners towards his Iriſh pupil. He never more complained, unjuſtly, of his preaking Priſcian's head; ſeldom called him Iriſh plockit; and, once, would have flogged a Welſh boy for taking up this caſt expreſſion of the maſter's, but that the Iriſh blockhead begged the culprit off.

(To be continued.)

An Attempt at ſome Improvement in that ſubordinate Department of Literature, Orthography.

[From the Analytical Review.]

" A Too frequent recurrence and colliſion of the conſonants, " thoſe dead weights," as Dryden calls them, " of our mother tongue," has generally been objected to the Engliſh language, as its great and conſtitutional defect;—a defect, which our hurried enunciation, as it has been obſerved, has a tendency to increaſe, by robbing a large proportion of our words of the vowels which ſeparate their conſonants, and would, conſequently, prevent the unpleaſing effect of their claſhing. Walked, ſtalked, forked, watched, fleddeſt, &c. come crowded out of our mouths with the harſher ſound of walk'd, ſtalk'd, fork'd, watch'd, fledd'ſt, &c. To alleviate this evil, or at leaſt to redreſs it to the eye, it has long been uſual with proſe authors to leave every vowel in its proper place, and thus to ſubmit its fate to the diſcretion and ear of the reader. In the writing of verſe, however, where the

preciſion of metre enforces attention to the numbering of ſyllables, an oppoſite practice has been adopted, and, where the requiſite ſacrifice of a ſyllable could be accompliſhed by the deſtruction of a vowel, the unfortunate letter has been immolated without mercy. To this practice, confined within its proper bounds, it is not our intention to object: but we conceive, that it has been carried much farther than the pretext of utility can warrant, or than propriety can ſupport. Let us explain ourſelves by inſtances. If the words bleſſed, walked, watched, &c. muſt be cruſhed by the iron neceſſity of metre into monoſyllables, no alternative is offered to the option of the reader, and the writing, as we think, ſhould correſpond with the exacted pronunciation, and give us bleſs'd, walk'd, watch'd, &c. but there is a very numerous claſs of words, in which the laſt vowel does not *neceſſarily* augment the ſyllables, and, while in all theſe its preſence cannot in any way be injurious, in moſt of them it will be found eſſentially and obviouſly uſeful. In the participles, or inflected tenſes, for example, of receive, believe, bereave, announce, &c. the final e no more *neceſſarily* increaſes the ſyllables, than it does in the uninflected verb; where it is evidently ſilent, and of little apparent agency: we *may* in ſhort, pronounce, received, believed, bereaved, announced, &c. as *diſſyllables*, without the omiſſion of a ſingle letter, and with as much propriety, as receive, believe, &c.—There is, again, a ſtill more extenſive claſs of words, in which the final e is abſolutely requiſite for regulating the ſound either of the preceding conſonant, or vowel, and is equally inefficient with reſpect to the augmentation of the ſyllables. If we deprive for inſtance, range, ſwinge, ſinge, rage, wage, gage, of their concluding vowel, we harden the ſound of their g, and convert them into rang, ſwing, ſing, *răg*, *wăg*, *găg*; in the laſt three words, indeed, we ſhorten alſo the preceding vowel, but of this effect of the e final we ſhall ſpeak more fully by itſelf. Now in the paſt tenſes and participles of theſe verbs, the e in queſtion retains theſame efficiency, and without it, the analogy of our pronunciation directs us to ſound rang'd, ſwing'd, ſing'd, *răg'd*, *wăg'd*, *găg'd*, with the g hard: the ſame will be the caſe where c occupies the place of g; and, to be conſiſtent, we muſt ſpeak plac'd, rac'd, embrac'd, as *plăk'd*, *răk'd*, *embrăk'd*, &c.—But, in a multitude of words, the force of the ſilent e final is diſcovered by its influence on the quantity of the preceding vowel; as *dāme*, *fīre*, *cāre*, *hōpe*, *tāpe*, *māde*, &c. are changed, by the removal of this important letter, into *dăm*, *fĭr*, *căr*, *hŏp*, *tăp*, *măd*, &c. and this obſervation will be in equal force when applied to ſuch verbs, in their uninflected or inflected forms, as perfume, diſpoſe, combine, defame, &c. for, let us take from them their regulating e, and we ſhall be obliged, in propriety, to pronounce them, *perfŭm*, *perfŭm'd*; *diſpŏs*,

diſpŏs, diſpŏs'd; combĭn, combĭn'd; defăm, defăm'd. Theſe, of courſe, are but a few examples, out of hundreds which might be adduced, of the power of the final e; but theſe, perhaps, will be ſufficient to illuſtrate our meaning, and to eſtabliſh it as a rule, to which there will not be found many exceptions, that where the ſilent e cloſes the uninflected verb, it ſhould be preſerved in the inflected, either as harmleſs, or as poſſeſſing eſſential utility. There, are, indeed, words, ſuch as dilate, dilute, divide, deride, fruſtrate, &c. which end with the letter in queſtion, but which, in their paſt tenſes, and participles, cannot, by any management, be ſhortened of a ſyllable, and to theſe, as it may be ſuperfluous to remark, our rule is not intended to extend.

Perſuaded of the general rectitude of this principle in orthography, we have been ſurpriſed not to find it influencing the conduct of our later poets, and editors of poets. But we have been fated to obſerve, with mortification, their pages deformed by an unrelenting hoſtility to the vowels, and ſome have urged their perſecution of the poor vowels, in every inſtance, to the moſt indefenſible extremity. On what pretence, may we aſk, does any one write the paſt tenſe of die, dy'd; of tie, ty'd? In many words of this claſs, as ſupply, dry, cry, reply, defy, &c. y, as we know, has aſſumed the place of ie, which formerly conſtituted their finals: but, even in theſe words, the y retains its uſurped ſtation, only in the *uninflected* verbs, and in the *inflected* reſigns it to its proper occupants. Supply forms ſupplies, *ſupplied;* dry, dries, *dried;* cry, cries, *cried;* &c. and drys, crys, replys, defys, do not ſtrike us as in the leaſt more faulty, either to the eye or the ear, than dry'd, cry'd, reply'd, defy'd, which every where occur to us in ſome works. Let us again aſk, on what principle or pretext, does a poet or an editor of poetry extirpate the laſt vowel in heaven, driven, towers, lower, ſeven, prayer, and many other ſimilar words, which, divided, as they may be in our ſpelling books, can never be made by the moſt protracted articulation to ſatisfy our ear as diſſyllables in verſe? With *our* regard for the vowels, we would wiſh to preſerve them in caſes, which may admit of ſome doubt; as where one of theſe letters is cut off before another, but where the voice, we think, cannot reſt with ſo much effect on the redundant ſyllable, as to break the harmony of the verſe, and where conſequently no omiſſion can be requiſite for the inſtruction of the reader:—i. e.

"The immortal hunger laſts, the immortal food remains,"

cannot be ſo recited as to hurt the ear with its ſuperfluous ſyllables, and may, therefore, in our opinion, be ſuffered to remain without the deformity of apoſtrophes. In another caſe alſo we are inclined to intercede for the vowels, from the perſuaſion that

their preſence can be productive of no miſchief: in that we mean of words, in which the ſupernumerary ſyllable certainly exiſts, but in which it is ſo ſlightly diſtinguiſhed as to form ſcarcely any obſtacle to the voice that would ſink it:—ſuch words, for inſtance, as ravenous, reverend, traitorous, ſuffering, and generous, are reduced with ſo little effort into diſſyllables, as to render unneceſſary the amputation of one of their vowels. But in theſe latter caſes we are aware, that ſomething may be urged againſt the practice, which we recommend; but in the former ones we muſt conſider ourſelves as above queſtion, and we muſt conſequently offer our ſyſtem of orthography as entitled to be received into general uſe.

Amuſing Particulars reſpecting New South Wales.

LIEUTENANT GRANT, who is lately arrived from New South Wales, brings intelligence of the flouriſhing ſtate of that colony: He left Port Jackſon in November laſt, when the crops were very luxuriant and beginning to be cut down, without having ſuffered that year from the floods of the Hawkeſbury.

Governor King had opened a communication with Otaheite for the purpoſe of ſupplying the colony with pork, in which he had been ſingularly ſucceſsful. His majeſty's armed ſhip Porpoiſe having made one trip, and the Norfolk brig having ſailed on the ſame employ previous to Mr. Grant's leaving Sydney.

The moſt friendly underſtanding exiſts between the natives of Otaheite and the ſettlement of New South Wales. We are happy to hear that the latter country is no longer in want of a ſtaple commodity, the article of coals, of an excellent kind, being found in abundance in Hunter's river, together with plenty of wood, well qualified for the maſting of ſhipping. Mr. Grant made his paſſage to the Cape of Good Hope, round Cape Horn, in the brig Anna Joſepha, loaded with ſpars for maſts, and coals, which latter ſold immediately at the Cape at 36 rix dollars per ton (nearly 6l. ſterling).—The above veſſel's top-maſts, top-gallant-maſts, and yards, were of the wood cut in Hunter's river, and anſwered remarkably well. Mr Grant had thus an opportunity of being an eye-witneſs of its quality; and that was more particularly proved from the very heavy weather always met with in thoſe ſeas. Some ſpecimens of this wood he has brought with him.

Governor King had formed a ſmall ſettlement at Hunter's river, for the purpoſe of working the coal, which is of the ſame nature with that of Newcaſtle.

Mr. Grant entered this river in the Lady Nelſon, in order to obtain the ſurvey of it. He penetrated in his boats nearly ſeventy miles up the ſame, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Paterſon, without being able at that time to diſcover its ſource.—A wood reſembling fuſtic had alſo been found.

Mr. Grant, in his paſſage from England to Port Jackſon, in the Lady Nelſon, a veſſel of only ſixty tons burthen, with three ſliding keels, and built on Captain Schanck's conſtruction, was the firſt that paſſed through the Straits which ſeparated Van Dieman's Land from New Holland, and ſailed along a great extent of coaſt to the weſtward of any land before ſeen by thoſe who had viſited that country, going into no higher latitude than 39. 30. ſouth, and obſerves, that the South Cape of New Holland lies in 39. 2. ſouth. He found the ſhore he ſailed along bold, with very deep water, wherever he attempted to land: and, in general, he had, with a very moderate offing, from 50. to 45. and 30 fathoms water, fine ſand, and ſometimes ſhells.

By order of Governor King, he returned into thoſe Straits, and obtained the ſurvey of the coaſt from Wilſon's Promontory to Weſtern Port, with the ſurvey of that harbour, which is well ſheltered, and capable of containing many ſail of ſhipping. There is abundance of wood eaſily to be got, and plenty of water; though the latter is rather difficult to be procured, on account of the diſtance, and from ſeveral ſhoals lying in the way, which render it neceſſary to take advantage of tide. Mr. Grant gives a very favourable report of that part of the country. The different ſurveys obtained in the Lady Nelſon were executed by Enſign Barreilian, of the New South Wales corps, who accompanied him for that purpoſe.

Mr. Grant bears ſtrong teſtimony to the many good qualities of the Lady Nelſon, and veſſels built on that conſtruction, as being particularly calculated for the buſineſs of diſcovery. Their flatneſs of bottom enables them to approach nearer to the ſhore, even in bad weather; from which circumſtance there is leſs liability to be blown off a coaſt. They can ſtand into ſhoaler water than ſharp built veſſels can; and the great advantage of the keels, which makes them ſtay and wear quicker in leſs room and of more eaſy ſteerage; from all theſe properties leſſening the many dangers which ſuch voyages are ſubject.

Account of the Rejoicings at Tiverton on the 1ſt of June, in Honour of the Peace.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IN the courſe of my weſtern journey, I reſted at Tiverton on Tueſday laſt, the day appointed for a national thankſgiving

to

to God for the return of peace; and was highly pleaſed with the plan and conduct of the public rejoicings there on the happy occaſion.

Some lively peals on a fine ſet of bells uſhered in the morning, which continued at proper intervals throughout the day; about ten, the ſeveral ſocieties of woollen manufacturers, artificers, and labourers, aſſembled in the green before Blundell's ſchool, from whence a well ordered proceſſion advanced towards the town.

The boys of the charity ſchool, with their guides before, (as the loweſt order of the community) very properly marched firſt, and ſuch gradation being obſerved throughout the line, the ſpectators were kept in conſtant higher expectation.

A venerable weather-beaten old man, with a cap of ears of corn neatly plaited, followed on horſeback, with ſuitable pages, at the head of a long line of decently dreſſed huſbandmen, carrying ears of wheat, and other emblems of their buſineſs; an ornamented bee-hive carried on a pole, the well-choſen ſymbol of induſtry and plenty, ſeparated this order of men from the next in ſucceſſion.

Jaſon carried the golden fleece on horſeback, and preceded the wool ſorters.

A ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs ſucceeded on horſeback, ſurrounded by a number of little pages in rich habiliments, who preceded the wool-combers and weavers, marching in coalition, their flags alſo carried together, a circumſtance the more pleaſing, as I was told they had too often heretofore held their intereſts ſeparate, not duly conſidering the neceſſary dependencies on each other; but now, Jack of Newbery, dreſſed in rich ſcarlet robes, and elegant cap of office, rode amicably by the ſide of Biſhop Blaze, whoſe venerable appearance in black coſtume, lawn ſleeves, and honoured mitre, formed a pleaſing contraſt; a numerous band of pages gaily dreſſed, danced laughingly along in attendance on thoſe great chiefs of their reſpective arts; theſe manufacturers formed a long line of three or four abreaſt, different dreſſes diſtinguiſhing the different officers of the ſocieties in a becoming manner.

The fullers followed; an hardy old millman on horſeback, carried an emblem of his employ, and a number of burling women with painted rods cloſed this order.

Several different ſocieties of artificers properly diſtinguiſhed, followed, and that called the union, with a new ſymbolic flag, cloſed the proceſſion.

They walked over Loman bridge, through Gold-ſtreet and Fore-ſtreet, to the town-houſe, where the proceſſion doubled, the fore-part marching down the north ſide of the ſtreet, whilſt the latter was parading the ſouth-ſide to the town-houſe; where

the mayor and corporation in their official robes joined the rear, attended by their beadle, ſerjeants at mace, and conſtables.

By thus doubling Fore-ſtreet, all in the line of proceſſion became ſpectators of the whole, as well as thoſe diſengaged.

In this order the proceſſion went up Bampton-ſtreet, and through Newport-ſtreet to St. Peter's church, which was perhaps more filled than at any time within the memory of man: one of the miniſters of that large pariſh officiated; I think they told me his name was Pitman, who read the prayers diſtinctly and emphatically, and preached with ſuch great animation on this juſt ſubject of joy, as to be heard, I think, by the greater part of 2500 people, aſſembled in that fine, ancient, and largely extended Gothic edifice.

The ſight was truly grand and intereſting! To view ſuch a great number of human beings of ſo many different capacities and ſtations, and to conſider them all, as come there, to bend their minds in humble adoration before the Moſt High God, acknowledging thereby, his ſupreme and univerſal government, and to offer the tribute of grateful praiſe, to the great Ruler of the Nations, for reſtoring the bleſſings of peace, after ſuch a long, tremendous, and cruel war! This view, and thoſe conſiderations, were ſo ſublime and dignified, as ſtrongly to urge the grateful and pious reſolution, "Unto thee, my God, will I pay my vows! unto thee will I give thanks!" This ſubject was uſefully improved by the preacher; profound ſilence expreſſed great attention, and the general approbation of an addreſs, that breathed a ſpirit of gratitude, benevolence, and love. The great importance, and the ineſtimable bleſſing of peace, was fully exhibited, by a juſt delineation of the harraſſing deſolations, and cruel triumphs of war; the incalculable, deplorable events of the late diſtreſſing one, and the juſt fears and apprehenſions of the final iſſue; from which the goodneſs of God had not only delivered this, and the other nations of Europe, but extinguiſhed a fire that blazed with unuſual heat, and extended to far diſtant regions of the earth.

The proceſſion was re-marſhalled in like order in and before the church-yard, when they marched through Peter-ſtreet, and Fore-ſtreet, to the ſchool green, the place of rendezvous; whence they diſperſed to their ſeveral club houſes, &c. to dinner.

About three in the afternoon, the ſeveral ſocieties re-aſſembled, and formed anew in a ſimilar mode, with the addition of a boy weaving, and another combing, carried on men's ſhoulders; they paraded again through the principal ſtreets, and public places of the town and vicinity; an orator on horſeback, richly dreſſed in ſcarlet, proclaimed the benefits of peace, trade, commerce, and ſocial intercourſe among all mankind, in ſeveral parts of the town.

The

The exhibition closed about eight in the evening, when the whole body separated, and were dispersed to their several appointed places of entertainment or homes, in the most decent and orderly manner.

I viewed this numerous body in different situations; and many individuals of it separately; but do not remember to have heard an oath, profane speech, or irritating word; or to have seen an unbecoming act, from any of the assemblage during the whole day.

This innocent public expression of joy and gratitude, is worthy of perpetual remembrance in the annals of Tiverton, and of imitation elsewhere, instead of those illuminations, beneficial only to a few dealers in tallow, but troublesome, confining, and highly dangerous to the inhabitants, as most of the legacies of superstition have been. The mayor, I was informed, readily adopted the plan of orderly procession, pleasing exhibition, and consequent social entertainment; wisely preferring this mode of rejoicing to that of the rapid consumption of candles; and in the conduct of it, I observed that the countenances of the inhabitants of Tiverton generally expressed their sincere wish for the completion of Isaiah's prophetic description of the Messiah's kingdom:

"No more let nation against nation rise,
"Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
"Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
"The drums and trumpets kindle rage no more;
"Then useless bay'nets into scythes shall bend,
"And the broad cutlass in a ploughshare end."

PHILADELPHUS.

Tavistock, June 3, 1802.

HISTORY *of* WORCESTER CHINA.

[From Mr. Warner's Northern Tour.]

AMONGST the shops which ornament the High-street, that of Messrs. Flight and Bar particularly engaged our attention, by the rich exhibition it affords of articles from their elegant manufactory; where that exquisite porcelain is made, generally known by the name of Worcester china, inferior to the French only in lightness and transparency. The civility of the proprietors allowed us not only to survey, at our leisure, the process which produces this ware, but also submitted to our inspection every article of any rarity or value which this large collection contains.—Amongst others, we were presented with some

ſome coffee-cups, made by the order of the Grand Seignior, and intended to furniſh a golden ſtand, enriched with diamonds. Each contains about a third as much as a common tea-cup could hold, and its price is ten guineas; but the largeneſs of the ſum dwindled, in our eſtimation, into nothing, when we obſerved the ſurpaſſing beauty of the paintings which cover their ſides, and repreſent the brilliant ſucceſs of Lord Nelſon at the Nile, in different points of view. The ſet will conſiſt of forty-ſix of theſe beautiful ſpecimens of Britiſh china manufacture.

The works, conveniently ſituated, cloſe to the Severn, which flows by the city, are remarkable for their neatneſs and convenience; and diſplay the whole proceſs of making porcelain, from grinding the various articles to compoſe the clay uſed for the purpoſe, to packing the finiſhed pieces for the market. Intereſting as this manufactory is, you will excuſe me for giving you its detail:—The mixture above-mentioned conſiſts of fifteen articles, the chief of which are, a white granite from Cornwall, and a ſteatite or ſoap-ſtone, from Penzance, in the ſame county, the whole quarry of which belongs to Mr. Flight, who employs his own men there. Theſe articles being firſt ground ſeparately, are afterwards mixed, and then calcined; the product of this proceſs is a quantity of ſmall blue and white lumps, which being thrown into a mill, and ground with ſoft water, a liquid of the conſiſtence of thick cream is produced, perfectly white. This is paſſed through a lawn ſieve, and then poured into vats, heated by outſide flues in order to conſolidate; the degree of heat applied to them being kept under the boiling temperature. The water gradually evaporating by theſe means from the contents of the vats, a hard clay remains in the room of the liquid, which is brought into a ſtone apartment to be tempered, that is, wetted with water, beaten with a wooden mallet, and trodden by a man with his bare feet. The material is now fit for the thrower, who throws a maſs of it upon his lathe, an horizontal wheel, ſet in motion by a boy, (turning a vertical one) and whirled round with a degree of ſwiftneſs, either greater or leſs, as the thrower ſees occaſion. To this a gauge is attached, to aſcertain exactly the dimenſions of the article. The hands of the thrower being kept ſteady, the rotatory motion of the wheel being quick and the clay ſoft but tenacious, the eye is agreeably ſurprized with the inſtantaneous creation of beautiful forms out of a ſhapeleſs maſs of clay, which every moment change their appearance according to the motion of the finger and thumbs of the workmen; now riſing into a long cylinder, again ſinking immediately, and approaching the rotundity of a ſphere, and at length ſettling into the elegant ſhape of an ancient vaſe, a modern mug, or a faſhionable tea-pot.

The

The articles thus prepared are then dried upon flues to conſolidate their texture, and render them fit for the verticle lathe or the turner. Placed upon this machine, they are reduced to their proper thickneſs and exact form; and if their pattern require handles or ſpouts, they are here fitted with them by a workman called the handler. From this workſhop they are carried into the kiln-houſe to be burned, and placed in ſaggars, or circular pans, made of Staffordſhire crucible clay, open at the top, and about eight inches deep, the flat bottoms of which are ſtrewed with calcined flint, to prevent the adheſion of the articles to them. The kiln uſually holds about one thouſand five hundred of theſe ſaggars; and frequently from twenty-five to thirty thouſand pieces of ware. Here they continue thirty-ſeven hours, expoſed to ſuch a violent heat as to render them red-hot, but carefully protected from flame.

On coming out they are ſaid to be in the biſcuit ſtate, that is having the appearance of an unglazed tobacco-pipe. If any blue be in the pattern of the articles, the figures are traced upon them at this time with a hair pencil, dipped in a mixture of a purple colour: and being ſuffered to dry, they are then immerſed in a liquid red, called the glaze, of the conſiſtence of cream, chiefly compoſed of white lead and ground flint. This adheres to every part of the articles, which are placed to dry in a room of a certain temperature, from whence they come out with a ground of a pale pink colour, and the pattern of a dingy purple. Being perfectly dry they are given to the trimmer, who ſmooths the ſurface of the article, and rubs off any little inequalities of the glaze; the moſt unwholeſome part of the proceſs, as he frequently inſpires particles of the white lead, &c. to the great detriment of his ſtomach and lungs; which, indeed, he is obliged to relieve by frequent emetics.

The articles are next placed in the glaze kiln, and remain there twenty-eight hours, expoſed to the fire; which being extinguiſhed, the whole are ſuffered gradually to cool, and then taken out, when they exhibit a metamorphoſis, effected by the chemical agency of fire. A vitrification having taken place on their ſurface, a beautiful gloſſy covering diſcovers itſelf within and without, in the room of the dull unpoliſhed appearance they before had; and the figures of purple are converted into a vivid and beautiful blue. After paſſing through the ſorting-room, they are given to the painters, who with colours properly and nicely prepared (for the hues are all changed by a ſubſequent firing) trace thoſe beautiful patterns, figures, and landſcapes, upon them, which almoſt rival the force and effect of the canvas. Again they are placed in the kiln, in order to fix the colours, and remain there for ſix hours. This compleats the proceſs of ſuch articles as have no gold in their pattern; but thoſe which are ornamented with this ſuperb addition, undergo another

burning

burning after the enamel is laid on. They are alſo carried afterwards into the burniſhing ſhop, where this final decoration is given them by a number of women, who ſoon change the dull ſurface of the gold into a moſt brilliant appearance, by rubbing the gilt part of the pattern with little inſtruments, pointed with blood-ſtones and other poliſhing ſubſtances.

They are now ready to be introduced into the world, and are ſent forth, to gratify vanity, decorate ſplendour, or accommodate luxury; to ornament the tea-table of high-life, the dreſſing-room of faſhion, and the boards of the great;—for the Worceſter manufactory ſoars above the humbler articles in uſe amongſt the happier tribes of common life. It would ſurpriſe a modern fine lady, were I to tell her, that the cup from which ſhe ſips her tea had been through the hands of at leaſt thirty-three dirty workmen, before it met her lips; but ſuch is the fact, for if we retrace the proceſs, we ſhall find the following crowd employed for the purpoſe:—the man who grinds the articles for the compoſition; the man that mills them; the perſon that calcines; the grinder of the lumps; the ſifter; the attender of the vats; the temperer; the thrower; the drier; the turner; the ſpout-maker, who forms the ſpouts and handles; the handler, who puts them on; the biſcuit fire-man; the blue painter; the dipper, who immerſes them in the glaze; the trimmer, who clears them from irregularities in the glazing; the gloſs-fireman; the ſorter; the painter; the colour fire-man; the gold enameller; the enamel fire-man; the burniſher.

It is to be obſerved, that many articles which could not be conveniently thrown, ſuch as tureens, plates, and diſhes, are made on mould, of plaiſter of Paris, and when dry are given to the turner, as above-mentioned. The earnings of the workmen in this manufactory, who are all paid by the piece, are very conſiderable; throwers and turners making about 25s. per week; dippers and glazers, 21s. and painters from 30s. to two guineas. Penninton is the inimitable artiſt who produces all thoſe exquiſite ſpecimens of the perfection of the pencil, which the more expenſive articles diſplay.

On PROSPERITY *and* ADVERSITY.

NEITHER proſperity nor adverſity is ever ſent in vain, never leaving any man as it found him, but always making him either better or worſe. Proſperity may either make a man more grateful to God, and more benevolent to man, or it may make him proud, inſolent, and unfeeling; and adverſity may either make him humble and reſigned, or fretful, peeviſh, and malevolent.

A REFLECTION.

IN early youth, the heart of every one creates a ſcene of imagined happineſs and deluſive hopes; it clothes the world in the bright colours of its own fancy; it refines what is coarſe, it exalts what is mean; it ſees nothing but diſintereſtedneſs in friendſhip, it promiſes eternal fidelity in love. Even on the diſtreſſes of its ſituation it can throw a certain romantic ſhade of melancholy that leaves a man ſad, but does not make him unhappy. But at a more advanced age, "the fairy viſions fade," and he ſuffers the moſt deeply who has indulged them the moſt.

Intereſting Circumſtances relative to the Death of Dr. Young, the Author of the "Night Thoughts," given in a Letter written by the Rev. Mr. Jones, his Curate.

I Have now the pleaſure to acquaint you, that the late Dr. Young, though he had for many years kept his ſon at a diſtance, has now, at laſt, left him all his poſſeſſions, after the payment of certain legacies, ſo that the young gentleman, who bears a good character, and behaves well as far as I can hear or ſee, will, I hope, ſoon enjoy and make a prudent uſe of a very handſome fortune.

The father on his death-bed, and ſince my return from London, was applied to in the tendereſt manner by one of his phyſicians, and by another perſon, to admit the ſon into his preſence to make ſubmiſſion, intreat forgiveneſs, and obtain his bleſſing! As to an interview with his ſon, he intimated that he choſe to decline it, as his ſpirits were then low, and his nerves weak. With regard to the next particular, he ſaid, "I heartily forgive him!" and upon mention of the laſt, he gently lifted up his hand, and letting it gently fall, pronounced theſe words, "God bleſs him!"

After about a fortnight's illneſs, and enduring exceſſive pains, he expired a little before eleven of the clock at night of Good Friday laſt, the 5th inſtant, and was decently buried yeſterday, about ſix in the afternoon, in the chancel of this church, cloſe by the remains of his lady, under the Communion-table, the clergy (who are the truſtees of his charity-ſchools), and one or two others, attending the funeral—the laſt office, of interment, being performed by me. He was pleaſed to make reſpectful mention of me in his will, expreſſing his ſatisfaction in my care of his pariſh, bequeathing to me a handſome legacy.

JOHN JONES, his Curate.

Welwyn, April 13, 1765.

Anſwer, by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter, to H. H. Tullidge's Rebus, inſerted May 17.

ASH is the tree, ſalmon the fiſh,
AS is the Roman coin you wiſh.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Senex, of Linkinhorne.

Anſwer, by J. Lewis, of Poole, to Conſtantia's Rebus, inſerted May 17.

COQUETTE's the character you mean;
As ſuch may fair-ones ne'er be ſeen.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Adey, of Poole; H. Humphrey, of Exeter; and Juvenis, of Dorcheſter.

Anſwer, by E. Penney, of Exeter, to W. Strong's Charade, inſerted May 24.

A Gen'ral wife, tho' ſhort of men,
May ſtill ſucceed by STRATAGEM.

‡‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from H. Humphreys, of Exeter; and Juvenis, of Dorcheſter.

A REBUS, *by T. Adey, of Poole.*

A Veſſel, gents. firſt bring to fight
And next a bird that flies by night;
A river then you'll make appear;
And next a name to me moſt dear;
A Spartan lady now ſelect;
A well-known fiſh pray now detect:
Join the initials, and no doubt,
A meaſure, gents. they will point out.

A CHARADE, *by Mr. Chriſtopher Cobweb, Spider Hall.*

WHEN hungry, at noon, in my kitchen I ſtray,
Invoking the moments to haſten away;
The ſound of my firſt is more charmingly far,
Than the ſoft glowing notes of the Spaniſh guitar.
My next has a muſical voice, and his back
That has carried a prince, often carries a ſack.
My whole is quite plain; but for fear of an error,
You'll find it at once, if you look in the mirror.

A CHARADE, *by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter.*

WHEN ſpring, the wintry blaſt ſucceeds,
My firſt are often ſeen,
Ranging in herds the flow'ry meads,
Cropping the herbage green.
The lover 'neath ſome fragrant ſhade
Fancies ecſtatic bliſs,
When on my next his lovely maid
Receives the tender kiſs.
The parts connected they propound,
In Flora's train I may be found.

POETRY.

The FIRST NEWS *of* PEACE

Written at Norwich, by Mrs. OPIE.

WHAT means that wild and joyful cry?
Why do yon crowds, in mean attire,
Throw thus their ragged arms on high?
In want, what can such joy inſpire?

And why, on ev'ry face I meet,
Now beams a ſmile, now drops a tear?
Like long-lov'd friends, lo! ſtrangers greet;
Each to his fellow-man ſeems dear!

In one warm glow of Chriſtian love,
Forgot, all proud diſtinctions ſeem:
The rich, the poor, together rove;
Their eyes with anſw'ring kindneſs beam.

Bleſs'd ſound! bleſs'd ſight! But, pray ye! pauſe,
And bid my eager wonder ceaſe:
Of joy like this, ſay what's the cauſe?
A thouſand voices, anſwer, "Peace."

O ſound, moſt welcome to my heart!
Tidings for which I've ſigh'd for years:
But ill would words my joys impart;
Let me my rapture ſpeak, in tears.

Ye patient poor! from wonder free,
Your ſigns of joy I now ſurvey;
And hope your ſallow cheeks to ſee,
Once more the bloom of health diſplay.

Of thoſe dear babes that, on your knees,
Imploring food, have vainly hung;
You'll ſoon each craving want appeaſe,
For plenty comes with peace along.

And you, fond parents, faithful wives,
Who've long for ſon and huſband fear'd;
Peace now ſhall ſave their precious lives—
They come! by danger more endear'd.

But why, to all theſe tranſports dead,
Steals yon ſhrunk form from forth the throng?
Has ſhe not heard the tidings ſpread?
Tell her, theſe ſhouts to peace belong!

'Talk not of peace! the ſound I "hate!"
The mourner, with a ſigh, replied:
"Alas! peace comes for me too late;
"For my brave boy in Egypt died!"

Poor mourner! at thy tale of grief,
The crowd was mute, and ſad, awhile:
But e'en compaſſion's tears are brief,
When gen'ral tranſport claims the ſmile.

Full ſoon they check'd the tender ſigh,
Their glowing hearts to pity gave:
But, while the mourner yet was nigh,
They warmly bleſs'd the ſlaughter'd brave!

And, from all hearts, as ſad ſhe paſs'd,
This virtuous pray'r her ſorrow draws—
"Grant, Heav'n! thoſe tears may "prove the laſt,
"That war, deteſted war, ſhall "ceaſe!"

O! if with pure ambition fraught,
All nations join this virtuous pray'r;
If they, by late experience taught,
No longer wiſh to ſlay, but ſpare!

Then, hoſtile bands, on war's red plain,
For conqueſt have not vainly burn'd;
Nor then, thro' long, long years! in vain,
Have thouſands died, and millions mourn'd!

The FOLLY *of* ATHEISM.

An Ode, by the late Dr. DARWIN.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully "made."

DULL atheiſt! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawleſs hurl'd,
Conſtruct ſo wonderful, ſo wiſe,
So harmoniz'd a world?

Why do not Arab's driving ſand,
The ſport of every ſtorm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?

Preſumptuous wretch! thyſelf ſurvey,
That leſſer fabric ſcan;
Tell me from whence th' immortal duſt,
The god, the reptile man?

Where

Where wast thou, when this populous earth
From chaos burst its way,
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speck of life,
The miniature of man,
Nurs'd in the womb, its tender form
To stretch and swell began?

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof?
Or mould the sentient brain?
Thy finger stretch the living nerve?
Or fill the purple vein?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
Its endless toil begin?
Or clothe in flesh the hard'ning bone,
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe, to catch the breeze,
Expands it panting breast;
And with impatient hands, untaught,
The milky rill arrest?

Or who with unextinguish'd love
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life
To bear it in her arms?

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts,
A God! the heavens reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man!—With beauty clad,
And health in every vein;
And, reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth, the skies, himself,
And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales! ye meads and woods!
Bright sun! and glittering stars!
Fair creatures! tell me, if ye can,
From whence, and what I am?

What parent power all great and good,
Do these around me own;
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the Vast Unknown!

MENTAL FORTITUDE.

WHEN things go cross, as oft they will,
And rubs on rubs are pressing;
A mind prep r'd for ev'ry ill
Is, sure, a solid blessing.

Without this strength, within, to bear
The evils which surrounds us;
We suffer trifles, light as air,
Most cruelly to wound us.

Far diff'rent from th' intrepid few,
By calmness ne'er forsaken;
Who, tho' the frowning fates pursue,
Are never overtaken.

How many of the blackest woes,
Which now oppress and gall us,
Might we successfully oppose,
If fear did not appal us?

By fear appall'd, chill'd reason shakes,
We lose our mental vigour;
And every harmless object makes
A formidable figure.

To grumbling we should ne'er give way
In sickness, or in sorrow;
For tho' the sky be dark to-day,
It may prove bright to-morrow.

The INVITATION.

COME, lovely Laura, share with me
The rural charms our village yields,
For beauty hangs on every tree,
And fragrance breathes o'er all our fields.

The thrush begins his sprightly song
High on the twig at op'ning day,
And where the streamlet winds along
The blackbird tunes his varied lay.

Come then, fair maid, while nature spreads
Her choicest sweets to deck the ground,
And May's delightful morning sheds
Refreshing odours all around.

For when alone I chance to stray,
No vernal beauties smile for me;
In vain the meads their charms display,
For all my thoughts are fix'd on thee.

Yes, Laura, one sweet smile of thine,
Would fill my heart with more delight
Than all these scenes, that gaily shine,
When thou art absent from my sight.

O! let us then, my dearest maid,
Together wander in the grove,
Where bending hazles form a shade,
Congenial to the voice of love.

Ah! wouldst thou then thy love declare,
How blest, my Laura, should I be;
'Tis all I wish that thou would'st share
Contentment's rural joys with me.

TERPE.

June, 1800.